King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebles here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold,
If *I* reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr *Gilbort Talbot*, sir *William* Stanley,
Oxford, doubted Pembrooke, sir Iames *Blunt*,
Rice vp *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my *Lord*, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

If that your moodi
Do through the clo
Euen for reuenge,
This is Allsoules da

Rat. It is my L

Buc. Why then

This is the day, tha
I wish it might fall o
False to his childre
This is the day wh
By the false faith o
This, this Allsoule
Is the determinde r
That high all seer t
Hath turnd my fai
And giuen in earn
Thus doeth he for
To turne their poi
Now Margarets c
When he quoth sh
Remember Marg
Come sirs, conuey
Wrong hath but w

Enter Rich

Rich. Fellowes

Bruisd vnderneath
Thus farre into the
Haue we marcht o
And here receiue v
Lines of faire com
The wretched, blo
That spoild your s
Swils your warme
In your inboweld
Lies now euen in
Neare to the town
From Tamworth
In Gods name ch
To reape the harv